

The foolish bride who was in love with the Grandmaster

Every day she waited for the phone to ring,
Even though she had blocked the grandmaster's number,
She deleted his name from her contact list,
She deleted his email address,
She focused on the care of her four adorable babes,
She worked her joints to the bone,
While fighting to survive the legal onslaught from the wicked groom,
Nothing tasted good to eat and she drank a lot of wine,
Yet she could not get drunk,
She could not cry for it hurt too much,
Her heart throbbed daily as she longed for his embrace,
For the magical lift into the sky that only the evil man could provide,
But he did not call and he did not write,
He laughed at her foolishness,
He scorned her feelings,
He resented her desperation,
He never meant a word of what he had promised,
His heart was never affected by her,
He lived for the journey to the sky that only a damsel-in-distress could provide,
It was a drug for him to pick up vulnerable and damaged females,
To put their damaged hearts together,
Then smash it to bits finally.
The foolish bride had heard his tales of conquest patiently,
As he bragged about the trail of heartbreak he had left in his wake,
She listened to the stories of his success and encouraged his progress,
He pretended to care by urging her forward as long as he did not have to
render assistance,
Money gifted was always –the loose change in my pocket- as he put it,
Presents flowed before the journey was undertaken,
But once he reached the clouds and dropped his victim, it was over,
He had nothing left to give,
He could return to his home and pretend to be hapless,
A good father and provider,
While the foolish bride listened to *Roxette* singing *spending my time* with a
droopy face,
And loving the grandmaster who has no heart to love anyone but himself.

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